For their sad and tearful eyes descried Three little chairs placed side by side Against the sitting-room wall, Old-fashioned enough as there they stood, Their seats of flag and their frames of wood With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And, with trembling voice, he gently said,
"Mother, these empty chairs,
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night
We'll put them forever out of sight"
In the small, dark room uy-stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no; not yet; For I look at them and I forget That the children are away; The boys come back, and our Mary, too, With her apron on of checkered blue, And sit there every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts, And Willie his leaden bullets casts, While Mary her patchwork sews; At evening the three childish prayers Go up to God from these little chairs o softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep; willie wakes from the battlefield sleep To say 'good night' to me; Mary's a wife and mother no more, But a tired child whose play-time's o'er, And comes to rest at my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now, And every time when alone we bow At the father's throne to pray, We'll ask to meet the children above In our Saviour's home of rest and love, Where no child goeth away."

-0B-THE FORTUNES OF A HUNTED HEIRESS.

PETER DILLON RECEIVES A TELEGRAM AT WINDEMBRE, AND MRS. MARKHAM MAKES A RESOLVE.

Mr. Peter Dillon was sitting one morn ing, as usual, in the library of the mansion at Windemere. The spectacles were pushed above the wrinkled brow, his hands were folded over the morning paper which lay upon his lap, when the loud ing of the door-bell announced an ar-In a moment the library door was open-

ed, and Mrs. Markham entered, gram, Peter," she said, handing him a dis-

He hurriedly opened it and read as fol-"LAWRENCE, May -, 1877.

"I have traced her. Come or send.-Particulars by letter. W." The two schemers gazed blankly at

each other. "Heavens! has he been tracking her all this time?" exclaimed the woman in a tone of great surprise.

"So it seems!" replied the old man still coming the dispatch. "That accounts for his long absence

then, and his constant calls for money,"

said the housekeeper.
"Yes—now what is to be done? You know exactly how we stand Martha. If that girl marries we are bereft of house and home—of course there's no hopes of joining her to Walter. His extravagance, to say nothing of my speculations, have heavily encumbered the estate; and, if she were to appear here to-morrow with a husband—for my guardianship ceases upon her marriage—I would be a ruined man. Martha, if such a thing should occur, I am as sure of State prison as I sit here. You understand the whole matter

now. What do you advise?"
"Answer me a question first, Peter.—
Who after Kate is the heir to the property?"
"Why I am of course, as next of kin,

even if it were not so stipulated in my brother's will. I inherit in the event of the decease of Catherine Dillon; but what has that to do with the question?"

Mrs. Markham did not answer for sev-eral minutes. Her face was buried in her hands, and she seemed thinking pro-

Mr. Dillon repeated his question. "But what has that to do with it Martha?— Kate is a strong, healthy girl. There is not much hope to be looked for from that

"Perhaps not!" replied the woman, liftfrom curiosity. You say that you would be deeply endangered by her marriage?"

"No, Martha—but ruined, irretrievably ruined-dishonored," cried the old man in a broken voice.

"Why have you not told me of this be-"Because, for quite a time I relied upon

Walter's marrying her, when I knew, of course, all would be well, but now—" "But now something must be done," interrupted Martha resolutely. "Something must be done and that immediately. Walter says that he will write you to-day giving full particulars. After he has done

so I will go to where she is—"
"Go where she is—why Martha, sh will have nothing to do with you!"exclaimed the old man in a tone of disgust. "She will not know me, Peter!" said the

woman coldly. Not know you. What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean-trust this matter to me, and you will find that woman's wit will save you both from prison and dishonor. Poor Peter!" and the wo-man arose and bent over him, caressing his gray bairs, "you have suffered and risked much for me. Let me see what I may do for you." Odd as it may seem, there were tears in the woman's eyes as there were tears in the woman's eyes as she stood by the side of Peter Dillon—but he only said: "You have been loyal and true to me

Martha—"
"I will prove my loyalty ere long," she muttered, resuming her seat, and then aloud, she said: "I shall go to where she is, and see what may be done in our interest. In the meantime let us wait for the letter of particulars. Until that comes we can do nothing, as I know not where to go or where to find her when I arrive there." Martha-

And so they waited, and the next day the promised letter arrived, and Martha Markham proceeded to make arrangements to leave Windemere for a long visit

into the country, as she informed the ser-

vants.

It is but right to say here, that Peter Dillon had no knowledge whatever of Martha's purposes—but if he had, would he have interfered! When he inquired once or twice what

When he inquired once or twice what her plans were, she replied:

"As yet I do not know myself, but rest assured that I am working for your hon-or and interest, and that is all you need know for the present. You need not look for me for some time, keep me supplied with money and that is all that I ask of you for the present." you for the present."

And so she went away from Windemere

And so she went away from Windemere leaving the mind of Peter Dillon over-whelmed with dark forebodings.

Dark clouds were now beginning to gather about the fortunes of Kate Dillon, and the real dangers and anxieties of her life were about to begin.

It was now a struggle between Good and and Evil., the latter mail-clad and fore-armed—the only weapon of the former a

and Evil, the latter man-char and the armed—the only weapon of the former a pure soul and conscious rectitude!

Let the battle commence!

One morning the mansion of Mrs. Mo-riarty was honored by a visiter who cre-ated quite a sensation. He was a foot-man—black as a crow's wine with a wide quite a sensation. He black as a crow's wine

band of velvet around his stylish hat.— He inquired for "Missus Gertrude Welli-don," and bore a note sweetly perfumed from Mrs. Bascombe, saying that she would call for her on the following day, and that she must make such arrangements as were necessary at the mill to se-cure at least a week's time, for she should get away from Bellville Park not a single day earlier.

This letter gave our heroine great pleasure, and she determined to accept the kind invitation; she asked herself, and caught her face blushing as she did so, if Tom Arkright would be at home when she arrived the state of the s

rived there.

Mrs. Bascombe called in her carriage the following day, and her arrival created a great commotion among the boarders, and Nellie Jones turned yellow with spleen to think that this great honor was done to that "exclusive and aristocratic high-falutin female, Miss Weldon!"

Mrs. Bascombe met Kate with enchant-ing cordiality, and when our heroine entered the carriage, she was delighted to find seated cosily in a corner, the darling little Carlos, whose life she had saved. Carlos remembered her well and kissed her fondly as Gertrude gathered him into her lap, and the carriage rolled away, fol-lowed by the eyes of nearly all the won-

nates of the boarding-house. CHAPTER XIV.

OUR BEROINE SPENDS A WEEK WITH MRS BASCOMBE AT BELLVILLE PARK-HOW TOM ARERIGHT IMPROVED HIS TIME.

What need to measure the delights of that happy week! How it began and how it ended Gertrude could hardly tell. It began by the carriage pulling up as it passed the post-office for a word with Mr. Thomas Arkright who luckily—as Mrs. Bascombe said—chanced to be passing. The word must have been a curious one, for it resulted in Tom jumping into the carriage and taking his seat beside Gertrude and relieving her of Carlos, who said he "onted to 'ook oud de 'indow."

Mrs. Bascombe thought, as she looked at them from the opposite seat, "what a handsome couple they would make."— Tom a modern gladiator, so thoroughly built, that his six feet two, looked little more than five feet eleven, for the "boys" in betting on Tom's height were very uneven in their guesses.

"He was a mighty strong fellow," as his little namesake Tommy—Mrs. Bascombe's handsome son—at that moment cooling his heels in the high school ante-room for some mischief of which he had been guilty—used to say when bragging among the boys of the base ball club, about his uncle who had been stroke oar at Harvard; beside being "nighty strong" he was an exceeding fine fellow, high toned and honorable in an eminent degree, and thoroughly well worthy of any man's respect or any woman's love.

Gertrude felt this as she sat beside him and listened to his conversation. spoke of his travels in Italy; of noble galleries of art, for he soon found that Miss Weldon appreciated all things appertaining to it, and so carried on the conver sation that the carriage rolled up to Bellville Park long before our heroine had an-

In a few moments Gertrude was shown her room-a beautiful apartment overlooking the shining waters of the Merrimac. She was greatly pleased with her ride, her reception, and the good kind people with whom she had become so

strangely domicfled.

A light lunch and then a through the fine grounds of Bellville Park, accompanied by Mrs. Baseombe and Tom Arkright, of course, the former pour-ing into her ears at every available op-portunity the praises of her brother, to which our heroine listened with keen de-

It took but little time for these people to accommodate themselves to each other, and our heroine had been at the Park but a few hours before the formal "Miss" was dropped, and "Gertrade" was the name that fell musically from the lips of Mrs. Bascombe-a name that Tom Arkright turned under his tongue like a sweet mersel, and longed to give utterance to him-self in the presence of the fair owner— and indeed it was long before he did so! For Tom Arkright was a very enterpris-

ing fellow-very!
The day following our heroine's arrival Miss Langley Burton came, much to the disgust of Tom, and he was almost wild when two or three other young ladies living but a few miles away, called, and promised to remain a few days. Tom wanted Gertrude all to himself, and he had not counted on visitors when it was arranged that Miss Weldon was to come. However he took advantage of his op

portunities, and though Miss Langle Burton made love to him furiously, he managed to spend very many hours alone with our heroine.

It would be impossible to picture his

surprise and delight the first evening he listened to the singing and playing of Gertrude Weldon.

Mrs. Bascombe was amazed-Miss Langley Burton was disgusted—for heretofore she had been the presiding goddess at that piano, and she flattered herself that she mas an exceedingly fine performer; and now, to be excelled by a Factory girl, at what she imagined to be her strongest ac-complishment was a source of deep cha-

indeed. Another thing that startled these young scions of the aristocracy, was not only her excellent taste in dress, but the richness

of their material and the stamp of Paris so plainly evident in all she wore.

The wealthiest among them marveled at her taste and the extraordinary beauty of the various styles she donned.

These things united with many accomplishments were the cause of much hidden jealousy on part of the young ladies who paid their visit simply to examine, as well as overawe the factory girl, who had so heroically risked her life for the

little child, Carlos Bascombe.

But one thing remained to put the young ladies to flight entirely.

Miss Langley Burton had determined to put Gertrude Weldon "down" as she said to herself; so, one evening, as the latter was leaving the piane, she began a conversation in French with Mr. Ark-right. The poor fellow blushed, for he

right. The poor fellow blushed, for he immediately recognized this encroachment on good manners; but what could he do? Nothing. So he answered in the same language, and, in a moment, was surprised by the impertinent inquiry, "where was it possible that the factory girl could have learned so many accomplishments?"

This conversation was listened to and enjoyed by all in the room save Mrs. Bascombe and Tom, who, poor fellow, was wild with anger, and was about to reply with some vehemence, when the whole roomful was startled and dismayed by the sweet voice of Gertrude Weldon answering the question in the purest Parisian French, and then, with a low bow and a mischievous smile at Tom, passed through

French, and then, with a low bow and a mischievous smile at Tom, passed through the window and out on to the lawn!

It was not politic for Tom Arkright, but he could contain himself no longer—he burst into a fit of joyous laughter, and with a merry comment followed our heroine in her walk through the park.

It would be impossible to describe the mortification of Miss Langley Burton or her friends, or the secret pleasure this little episode gave to Mrs. Bascombe. Suffice it to say that the visit of these polite young ladies concluded the next day, as each and all of them had invitations which they could no longer delay in responding they could no longer delay in responding to, and, to the great relief of their fair hostess, and the great delight of Mr. Arkright, the perturbed damsels took their departure—strange to say, not bidding adieu to Gertrude who had so generously amused them both in music, art, and the

languages!"
But as I said at the opening of this chapter, what need to measure the thou-

and and one delights of that happy week? It was over all too soon in the estimation of both Tom, Gertrude, and Mrs. Basseemed to love our heroine better than his handsome mother.

The time came for Gertrade's departure

and before going away she was closeted with Mrs. Bascombe, and the conversation must have been a very pleasing one, for when they came forth from the boudoir of the latter the face of that lady was aglow with delight, and she entered the drawing room where Tom Arkright was impatiently waiting, for what? with her arm around our heroine's waist; and she said, placing brother:

"Tom she is worthy of all your love and I thank God He has given you such an angel!"

Tom accompanied his betrothed to the city, and upon their arrival took his leave with a warm kiss, after making a certain arrangement with her, which at present, does not concern the reader
[To be Continued.]

Power of Example

Example is power. It is alike so in the circles of wealth and and refinement and in the haunts of poverty and ignorance. It tells everywhere, and makes its mark for good or evil all over the world of men and thought. All history is but a reiteration of the power of example—power to bless and refine, or to blight and ruin humanity. Unless its teachings impress u with the truth, we are indeed poor students of human history. One has well said that History is philosophy teaching by exmple.

Example is power of good. Every ma has influence, more or less, in his sphere of life, and that influence, in the very nature of the case, must tell on his fellows If he be a good man, his example must and will do good. It cannot be otherwise A pure and virtuous life, like the sun in the heavens, must shine and bless, bright en and warm in the moral world. So it has ever been, and so it ever will be. Truth and purity, like so many gems in the life and example of the good man, cannot but shame and condemn error and vice in

A fault doth never with remorse On mind so deeply move As when another's guileiess life Our error doth reprove.

Example is also a power for evil. There no estimating the extent of a bad man's and the performer must be well up in his niluence in the world; its moral reach is part." ndeed fearful. "One sinner destroyeth much good," is the testimony of the wisc man, as well as the practical teaching of all experience. An instrument of incalcu ble harm in any community is the man who arrays his life and example against virtu: and religion, and yet thousands of our follow beings seem only to live tha they may blight humanity with the influence of their wicked lives and evil example. Their work in the world is that of distruction, for they literally "destroy much good.

Cicero gave his followers the best of counsel when he said to them: "Be a pat tern to others, then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious pasions and vices of men, so is it likewise re formed by their moderation.

The Farmer in the Garden.

There are but few farmers who will con descend to work in their gardens; it is to them beneath their dignity. "O! the women attend to that; I've something else to attend to." Yet the foundation of good farming is sooner and better learned there than on the farm itself. Fine tilth, heavy manuring, close and prompt weeding, adap-tation of the laber to the demands of each vegetable is but the commonest of garden work ; but no farmer ever thinks that thes little things (apparently) are all that not only makes a garden, but the farm also.

Every one upon hearing of any unusual occurrence is at once eager for the particulars-the little points which went to make up the whole affair-in fact, the gist of the matter. Now, too many farmers do their utes are left out; why not leave out the raisins, the sugar, the spice and the wine from the mince pies? Why not slap together raw meat, coarse flour, a little grease and pass off the compound for a Christmas dainty? The small matters so

much neglected among farmers are the principal causes of failure. It is a good rule that when you have finished a piece of work you should go over it once more for luck, it is the last time with the harrow, the hoe, the spade or the manure-spreader which gives the artistic, scientific finishing touch to a job of work; and it is like Peter Henderson's fifty-first load of manure per acre-that the one that trebles the crops. Gardening stamps this upon a farmer's

mind .- Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

Old Age.

The brain in old persons, at the age of 70, diminishes both in bulk and density, and thus becomes lighter. Its capacity for ontinuous hard work is thereby lessened as really as is that of the body for muscu-

As an old man, however, has the accum ulated knowledge, skill and practical ex-perience of almost a lifetime, and that wonlerful facility which comes of habit, he may, with good health and care, do much of his best work in the neighborhood, say,

He cannot bear mental strain, and h must not attempt mental "spurts," but he can still show himself a "workman that

needeth not to be ashamed." Since, however, the brain is not so firmly supported by the skull, and is slighter in texture, the blood vessels are more easily dilated or ruptured. The danger of paralysis and apoplexy is still further increas ed, because the blood vessels become in old age more or less ossified and brittle, and thus mushle to sustain a sudden rush of

The aged should carefully abstain from every form of violent action, and, indeed, from every violent emotion. The full term of toil, whether in rearing and supporting children or in the service of the public, earns a right to what is the normal phys iological condition of age—freedom from all that annoys, perplexes, harasses, excites and burdens.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Cause of Diphtheria

Dr. Emil Querner, of Philadelphia, who has made investigations into the cause of diphtheria, reaches the following conclu-

"After a laborious and scrutinizing investigation into the cause of a large number of cases of diphtheria that have come under my care during several years past, I have almost arrived at the conclusion that the primary infection of an individual comes from the fungi which are found as comes from the fungi which are found as spots of different colors on the exterior or fruits, particularly apples. As far as the power of my microscope has shown, these fungi seem identical with the fungi from a diphtheric pleer, and last autumn I traced a number of cases, at one time five together in one family, back to the enting of applies picked from the ground in orchards without previously cleaning the fruit by rubbing or washing. The prevalence of this dreadful disease in the last three decader may be well accounted for by the fact that dreadful disease in the last three decades:
may be well accounted for by the fact that
the appearance and flourishing of lower
animal and vegetable organisms is periodical, of which we have examples in the potato disease, the disease of the grape vine,
and cholera, which latter has been ascribed to a fungus growing on the ears of rice in East India and carried in the human body

How Ghosts Are Made

ME STAGE ILLUSIONS WHICH ARE SHOWN TO BE VERY SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.

A reporter for the New York Star has in restigated, in the workshop of Mr. Des-nond, the maker, the method adopted to produce the illusion known as "The Ghost Show," which is to be seen in the various auseums in that city. In this illusion the spectator sees on the stage a human figure which talks and moves, but which can appear and disappear with startling rapidity The deception is accomplished by the following means:

The stage is set in the ordinary manner, with the exception of a large plate of glass, which is placed near the front at an angle of forty-five degrees, the top toward the audience. Of course the glass is invisible and the stage of the sta ible to the spectator. In front of the glass is a trap cut in the stage, just the length of the plate, and this trap is always open during the performance. At the top of the glass two large square iron lanterns, with the sides at a level, are placed, arranged so as to throw the light on the surface of the plate. Beneath the stage is a small square room, resembling a large dry goods box, about four feet high, whose entire in-teric is covered with black velvet. Raised about four inches from the bottom is: small stage, around which are arranged gar-lights about three feet above it. These gas-lights about three lect that of one per-lights are all under the control of one person, who stands at the prompter's When the illusion or "ghost" is wanted, single movement turns down the head-light, thus giving the lights below the stage a chance to be thrown upon the per-former, whose image is reflected on the sur-face of the plate glass. To make the "ghost" disappear he has simply to turn a thumb stopcock and the light from above falls ver the glass and effaces the image.

The performer or "ghost" enters the partment under the stage, and reclines at full length upon the raised stage in the center with his head toward the audience and slightly raised. When it is necessary to produce the illusion the operator simply turns the stop cock, thus reducing the volume of light at the top, and the figure appears to stand upon the stage, in plain ight of the audience, but is in reality only the image reflected on the plate glass.

"Two things," said Mr. Desmond, "are absolutely necessary to make the illusion successful; the man who works the lights must catch the "cue" at the proper time,

"Have you made many of the 'shows?" "Yes, quite a number. I made the one in Bunnell's Museum, on Broadway, and also for his Brooklyn show. Joe Barry, an Old Bowery actor, is running one of these illusions in Bridgeport. Would you like to see the show?"

The reporter confessed to a desire for such an exposition, and accompanied Mr Desmond to a museum where one of the "ghost shows" is given seven times a day "I am the inventor of this illusion," said Prof. McGlennon, "and I have here a patent and a caveat.'

"What suggested this illusion business to your mind, Professor?" "Some years ago I was out West, and one day I saw a reflection in a locomotive

lantern. That gave me the idea, and I never rested until I had solved the prob-Following the Professor, the reporter found himself in a hall from which all light, save a small jet of gas, was exclud-ed. Seated with the Professor on one side and the armless man on the other, the Star reporter waited to see the ghost. Presently the bell rang and the curtain went up on the drama of "Wild Bill, the Avenger; or The Wild Rose of the West." The first net consisted in the wholesale murder of a tribe of Indians by a bad white man, and the resolve of Wild Bill to avenge the wrong. During the act the figure young girl, with a very abbreviated skirt, kneeling over one of the Indians, appeared, having every semblance of being real. She appeared twice, and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. The remaining acts, in which an Indian with a strong Milesian same young lady appeared, both in a spir-ibulle and realistic character. At one period, when her rival lovers were slashing away at each other with bowie knives, she sud denly appeared between the two, who re of her apparent presence, stabbed gardless of her apparent pr through her at each other.

voluntarily. How to Succeed.

needless to say it was merely the reflection which the audience saw, but so true was it

to nature that several ladies screamed in

The first requisite to success is not undertake an unwise and impracticable thing. For this reason the advice ofter inculcated by wise and great men has been to give much time and reflection to the formation of plans. Be slow to decide; but, having resolved, be prompt to act.

It is not sufficient, by any means, to be

prompt in beginning to act. This is easy to every one. It is the continued, persever-ing, unflagging activity which, alone, accomplishes great results.

The temptations which beset one's steps

at every stage to deliver his attention from the main pursuit he has fixed on are almost innumerable, and to the irresolute and weak they are found irresistible. This counts for numerous failures.

If a man has not attained to what he tarted for it will almost always be found that he has been attending to something else. The song of the bird by the way-side fell upon his ear and charmed his eye, and he lingered when his pace should have been onward and firm and quick.

If you would insure success in your undertaking, whatever it may be, let nothing divert your attention from it. Leave nothing undone, no matter how semingly little and unimportant it may be, which it calculated to promote its accomplishment. There is no other way to make success cer-tain. It is not luck. It depends on doing.

Yet simple as the lesson of success is few as are its requisites—there is nothing that people are slower to learn.

A CAT STORY .- A man now living in Kingston emigrated to the West man years ago, and bought a house which ha stood unoccupied for considerable tim. The first night he heard sounds that con vinced him that there were rats in cellar and on investigating he found the hundreds of the creatures were disporting themselves there. Having eaten a quarter themselves there. Having eaten a quarter of beef down to the bone, they were playing tag among the shelves. He offered to introduce the family cat, but she declined to be presented. The next day she was missing, until the family thought they had lost her; but on the fourth day a familiar "meow" was heard, and there was tabby at the head of a column of three dozen cats in light marching order, their backs up and their tails rampart. The front door and their tails rampart. The front door was opened and the detatchment moved down the cellar stairs in good order. The next morning a flour barrel full of dead rats was buried behind the house, and the eats returned to their homes.

The distance required for stopping railroad trains increases very rapidly with the
increase of speed. In experiments made
in England, the Westinghouse brake stopped a train moving at the rate of 41 1-2
miles an hour at a point only 485 feet distant from the place where the brake was
applied; but when the speed was increased
to 61 miles an hour the distance run after
the application of the brake was 1185 feet,
and at a speed of 67 miles an hour the
train ran 2005 after the brake was applied The distance required for stoppin

WARRENTON, N. C.-Rev. J. E. C. Barham says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters. It is a complete restorative, tonic and appeting."

Englishmen like the mutton of black faced sheep.

Maryland to the Front. The Hon. Oden Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Balti-more City Passenger Railway Co., also President of the Maryland Jockey Club, says: "Both in my family, and in my private stables, as well as those of the City Passenger Railway Co, I have for several years used St. Jacobs Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement

Daniel F. Beatty, the great organ suilder and advertiser, is only 35 years

ought to convince every reader of this

If any of the readers of this paper do not know of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment we urge them to find out about it. Write to Dr. Johnson & Co., of Bangor, Me. It is the most marvelous remedy

Senator George, of Mississippi, works with his son in the fields.

Dyspeptic symptoms, low spirits, restlessness, sleeplessness, confusion, sour stomach, pain in the bowels, sick headache, variable appetite, raising food, oppression at pit of stomach, low fover and language Param's Paramis fever and languor, Parson's Purgative Alls give immediate relief and will ultimately cure the disease.

A Chicago paper says over 200 East-ern thieves are thicking there. WOLCOTT, WAYNE CO., N. Y.

Theumatic Syrup Co.:

Gentlemen-For many years I have een a great sufferer with rheumatism. Much of the time I had but little use of my arms; my hands were drawn out of shape, and nearly lost the use of one of my limbs. I have been treated by the best physicians and have taken many different remedies that were highly recommended, but grew worse all the time until I commenced using Rheumatic yrup, and before I had used one bottle I began to improve, and after taking the Syrup four weeks. I was completely cured, and to-day I am as well as ever, and can use my hands and limbs as freely as when a boy. The effect of the Rheumatic Syrup has been truly wonderful in my case, and I find on inquiry, that it is doing equally as well in every case, where it is being used. You are at liberty to use my name as you choose, as I am very glad to be able to say, as I can, that the Rheumatic Syrup s one of the best medicines on the market, and a single trial will convince any one of its wonderful merits.

JACOB WILLIAMS.

A Basket of Summer Fruit. May be a great luxury if ripe and in season. But in summer a great deal of sickness comes from eating unripe and withered fruit. Colic, cramps, and Summer complaint are the result of inquigence in fruit which is not wholesome. These are bad, yet its well to know that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a sovereign remedy

for these and many other evils. STRAIGHTEN your boots & shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. "BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all For Dyspepsia Indigestion Depression of Spirits and General Debility in their various forms; also as and teneral beauty in their various sound as as as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixer of Cahasya," made by Caswell Hazard & Co. New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other tekness, it has no equal.

Elmira, N. Y., has a factory which turns out delik between 20 and 200 suggests.

daily between 200 and 300 augers. "Come, Let Us Reason Together." A natural oil, cleanly, one that will not be-A natural oil, cleanly, one that whi not be-ceme rancid, one that is penetrating, one that combines all these qualities is crude oil; when deprived of its characteristic odor and color, and perfumed elegantly, it is called Carboline; and it stands to reason that an oil of this kind would make the most elegant hair-dressing and restorer, and it does. Try it.

CATARRH It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age and giants of exhaustion.

Important When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand

Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one milion dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards perday. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Graud Union flotel than at any other first-class hotel in the

Dakota has an area of 95,500,000 scres, and HAY-FEVER population reaching very nearly 300,009. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y. ESSEX COUNTY, VA.—Mr. James R. Micon, clerk, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it valuable for the purposes which

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson weighs & J pounds, and wears a black suit and straw hat.



and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfa-verable to health, this famous vegeta-ble lovigorant and alterative. Hostet-ter's Stemach Bit-ter's, hasbeen found

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